

Happy Sibling's Day!

by that one username

Category: Gravity Falls

Genre: Humor, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Dipper P., Grunkle Stan, Mabel P.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 00:36:16

Updated: 2016-04-12 00:36:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:36:29

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,615

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mabel's plans for Sibling's Day are ruined when Dipper surprisingly forgets about it, resulting in a very upset Mabel.

Happy Sibling's Day!

\*\*Yesterday was National Sibling's Day, and I just had to write this. After all, when think of siblings, it's impossible not to think of these two. \*\*

\*\*Enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Wake up, Dipper! Wake up!" Mabel shouted, shaking Dipper. He stirred and wiped at his eyes groggily.<p>

"What is it, Mabel?" He groaned, his eyes still closed. He was hoping that she would go away and let him get some more sleep, but he doubted that she would actually do that.

"Come on, you have to open your eyes! I have a surprise!" Mabel's hands clutched the box behind her tighter as she tried to conceal the squeal that was building up within her.

Dipper rolled over, his back facing Mabel, and pulled the sheets up over his head. "Whatever it is, I'm sure it can wait. It can't be that important." As soon as the words had left his mouth, he regretted them. He didn't mean to sound so harsh, he had only wanted to sleep for a little while longer, but he knew Mabel would take it the wrong way.

He heard Mabel gasp. "'Not important'?' How can you say that, Dipper?" Her voice had grown quieter and he could hear the hurt in her voice.

Dipper opened his eyes and rolled over to look at her. She was frowning and looked like she was on the verge of tears. "Listen Mabel, I didn't mean—"

"We always give each other gifts on Sibling's Day!"

His eyes widened when he realized that he had completely forgotten about Sibling's Day. Every year, the twins made a big spectacle out of the event. They would exchange gifts and spend time together doing something that they both agreed on. But today, it looked like their yearly tradition was going to go differently.

"We celebrate Sibling's Day every year, so how could you say it's not important?" Tears began to stain Mabel's cheeks and Dipper's heart sank when he saw her crying. He couldn't stand to see his sister, who was naturally a happy and vibrant person, crying.

He reached out a hand to try and comfort her, but she turned away and tossed his gift on the floor before bolting out the door, not bothering to even give so much as a glance in Dipper's direction.

Dipper hadn't noticed the small box before now. It was covered in pink, glittery wrapping paper and was littered with stickers. He gingerly picked up the present and carefully unwrapped the paper. He opened up the flaps of the box to find a dark blue sweater inside. Dipper unfolded the sweater and laid it out on his lap. In the middle, Mabel had stitched stick-figure versions of themselves. They were holding hands and had big smiles on their faces. Above it in big letters read, "Happy Sibling's Day!"

Dipper felt like a jerk. Mabel had more than likely spent days planning what she would make for him, and who knew how many tedious hours she had put into knitting him the sweater. And what had he given her? Nothing but a grumpy attitude that had driven her to tears.

He sighed and begrudgingly pulled himself out of bed. He was still tired as a result of his late-night reading, but he knew what he had to do. He needed to find Mabel and apologize. It was the right thing to do, and if he didn't do it, he would be left with a lingering sense of guilt.

After getting dressed, he went downstairs to find Stan at the kitchen table reading the newspaper like usual, except Mabel wasn't there.

"Kid, what'd you do to your sister?" He asked when he saw Dipper walk in.

"I might have kinda forgotten that it was Sibling's Day," Dipper admitted, feeling worse as he was explaining it. "We normally celebrate it every year, but since I forgot about it, I thought that she was just waking me up for something that wasn't important."

"Sibling's Day? Sounds dumb if you ask me," Stan muttered, sipping his coffee.

"Well, it's a big deal to Mabel, and she's really upset about what happened," Dipper said, feeling more and more like a jerk. \_It's important to you too, so why did you forget about it?\_ He thought, criticizing himself.

"Soâ€| Do you know where Mabel went?" Dipper asked, ignoring his shame. Finding Mabel was more important than feeling self pity.

"The kid came running through here crying not too long ago. I tried to stop her and ask her what all that crying was about, but she ignored me and ran outside."

Dipper sighed and slapped a hand to his forehead. Leave it to Mabel to run away in times of distress.

"I'm gonna go look for her," Dipper said. He didn't know where she was, or if she even wanted to speak to him after what happened, but he was going to try.

"Hey, Dipper," Stan called after him, causing him to pause in the doorway. "Don't worry about your sister too much. I'm sure you two will sort things out."

Dipper smiled slightly. "Yeah. Thanks, Grunkle Stan."

\* \* \*

><p>Dipper had only been searching for ten minutes when he found Mabel sitting underneath a pine tree. She had her knees drawn in and her arms wrapped around them tightly, and her head was tucked inside her sweater. She was wearing a sweater identical to his, except her's was a hot pink.</p>

Dipper knew what this meant just from a first glance: Mabel was in Sweater Town. And getting her to come out of it was nothing short of a miracle.

He sat cross-legged beside her and gently nudged her with his knee. "Mabel." She didn't answer, so he tried again. "Mabel."

This time she made a low groan, but still didn't speak.

Dipper sighed heavily. "Mabel, talk to me. Please."

"What do you want, Dipper?" She grumbled, sniffing and pulling in her knees tighter.

"I want to apologize for earlier. I didn't mean to sound like a jerk, and I didn't mean to forget about Sibling's Day."

She shifted so that her back was to Dipper. "You were being a big dumb-dumb," Mabel muttered, her voice muffled by the sweater.

"Yeah, you're right about that. For once at least. But I want to make up for it." He tugged at her sweater sleeve.

Mabel shook her head in protest. "No! I'm happy with Sweater Town!"

Dipper rolled his eyes. Bringing her out of Sweater Town was never

easy, and he knew this, but Mabel wasn't helping. He was trying to make amends here, and Mabel was making things difficult.

"But if you stay in Sweater Town, you won't be able to see me in my sweater," he prompted, hoping that this would be interesting enough to gain her attention.

"You mean...you're actually wearing it?" She asked, her voice revealing her shock.

"Of course I'm wearing it! After all, you spent all that time making it."

She turned so that she was once again facing him and poked her head out of the sweater so that only her eyes were showing. She giggled when she saw her brother in the sweater. "You are wearing it!"

"Yeah, yeah, don't get too carried away by this," Dipper said, feeling his cheeks grow hot. "Can you come out of Sweater Town now?"

"Sure thing bro-bro," Mabel said cheerfully, poking her head completely out of the sweater. Her mood had changed drastically in only a matter of seconds, but then again that was typical for Mabel.

"Thanks for my sweater Mabel," Dipper said quietly. He looked up at Mabel and held out his arms eagerly. "Awkward Sibling Hug?"

Mabel smiled and nodded. "Awkward Sibling Hug."

The two embraced for only a few seconds before finishing it with, "Pat, pat!" .

"So, what's that whole make-up present you have for me?" Mabel asked, springing up excitedly. "Is it a puppy? Some glitter?" She gasped and started jumping up and down. "OHMYGOSH IS IT SEVERAL TIMEZ?"

Dipper held up his hands defensively. "Not quite, but I think you're going to enjoy this."

"Oooh, now I'm all curiousy!"

"You can spend the whole day with me!"

Mabel burst out laughing. "I already do that everyday! What's so special about that?"

"You can spend the whole day with me, and I won't let the Journal get in the way. Plus you can choose whatever you want to do, and I'll go along with it." Mabel's eyes lit up at Dipper's new plan, and he smiled. "So what do you say? Are we Mystery Twins?"

"No no no no no!" Mabel protested fervently, shaking her head. "You've got it all wrong. Today we're Sleepover Twins!"

Dipper got a bad feeling in his stomach at those words. "Sleepover Twins?"

"Yeah! I'm totally inviting Candy and Grenda, and you're tagging along with us!"

Dipper wanted to argue against it, but he decided that he would submit to his sister's wishes, if only for today. He chuckled.  
"Alright, Sleepover Twins it is."

"Yay! Come on!" Mabel grabbed him by the wrist and started dragging him in the direction of the Mystery Shack. "We need to pick out what kind of makeup looks best on you!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Thanks for reading! Please don't be afraid to let me know what you think! Feedback is appreciated. <strong>

End  
file.